

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Gondola*. Post 8vo. pp. 246. London, 1827. Lupton Relfe.

THIS publication is similar to *The Tales of a Voyager*, lately reviewed in No. 394 of *The Literary Chronicle*, but it has this advantage over its predecessor, that many of its narratives bear the impress of probability, and are told in a naïve and pleasant manner. Mr. H. S. Van Dyck, we believe, is the author of this production. We have often admired the verse of this gentleman, which is at once simple, strong, and elegant; his *Theatrical Portraits*, some few years since, created considerable interest in the literary world, and we have now the pleasure of adding our approbation to his prose, which combines much of antithesis with an easy and pleasing flow of language.

*The Gondola* purports to be the record of various tales, said to be related by the passengers on board of a vessel bearing that name. When first we took up the volume we made up our minds to hear much of Venice, and her marble palaces, and her many canals, and her swiftly gliding boats, her gondolieri, and her soul-melting music. The strains of Tasso recurred to our recollection, and with fancy's eye we almost beheld this 'Rome on the Ocean' glowing in all her pristine splendour of song, romance, and glory. But although we have been somewhat disappointed, our disappointment has been tempered with much delight, for we find this series of tales, a production reflecting renown on its tasteful author, and forming a most pleasing addition to a class of literature much sought after and admired. In many of the stories, stanzas are introduced, which evince ability, and possess that neatness of versification which in former instances we have noticed in Mr. Van Dyck's effusions.

As a sample of the work, we shall quote an entire tale, which, although its subject has been treated of by more than one celebrated writer, has yet so much of the freshness of romance about it, that we give it the preference to others claiming equally our attention in a more domestic style:—

### 'THE BLACK TRADER.'

'The second voyage I ever made was in the *Good Intent*, of Glasgow, bound to Puerto Rico. I have reason to remember it, for an awful and solemn mystery that attended it has impressed it deeply on my memory, and few who were then with me have forgotten the perils and the horrors of that fated passage. We had light but favourite winds for the first five weeks, and the captain and passengers were anticipating a speedy end to the voyage, when one night, as we were run-

ning about seven knots an hour, Gibbie Allan, who had the watch upon deck, saw a light to leeward shining upon the water, or rather a snowy streak, as it appeared, at the distance of little more than a cable's length from the vessel. The captain, although he imagined it to be only the foam of a wave, immediately ordered Gibbie to heave the lead, but he found no bottom; and the man at the helm, who at the first alarm had altered the ship's course by the captain's orders, was now commanded to steer on as before. At that moment a large black-looking vessel, which none of us had previously observed, came sailing swiftly over the white spot towards us. Our captain hailed her, but no one answered; and indeed not a soul was to be seen upon her deck. Her sails, like her hull, appeared to be perfectly black; and she seemed wandering like a dark spirit over the restless billows of the ocean. "That's an ill token," said Gibbie, as he followed the departing vessel with his eye, "that's an ill token, or Gibbie kens naething about it! As sure as we are on the waters, yon's the Black Trader, and few who meet her, be they gentle or simple, can boast much of a prosperous voyage. Aw' is no' right, and some o' us will find it sae afore the morn." As he concluded, seven small pale blue-lights were seen dancing on our deck, near the fore-castle, and, having remained for a few seconds, suddenly disappeared. The captain started, and, muttering something to himself, paced up and down in a hurried and agitated manner, whilst the rest of those on deck eyed him with evident curiosity and apprehension. We had now just approached the glittering streak that I spoke of, when suddenly the vessel struck, but without doing any material injury. She struck a second time, the rudder was lost—a third time, and the foremast and bowsprit were swept away. The cries of the passengers, who were awakened from their dreams to a sense of danger enough to appal the stoutest heart, burst with a shrill, mournful, and discordant sound on the ears of those who were upon deck. They were answered by a loud hoarse laugh, but whence it proceeded no one knew. All stood gazing at each other unconsciously, yet with an expression that showed they were under the influence of supernatural terrors. We sounded the pump, and found that the ship had already more than three feet water in the hold. She had fallen with her starboard side on the rocks, and her ports were only about two feet above water. The vessel still kept striking, and seemed to be settling more and more, when the captain ordered the main and mizen mast to be cut away, and the motion of the wreck was considerably diminished. Whilst

we were in this situation, the wind began to increase until it swelled into a complete tempest, and the rain burst over us in torrents. Our sole remaining place of refuge from destruction was on the larboard side, where we contrived to lash ourselves, for the waves broke so frequently and so heavily over the wreck that every soul on board of her must otherwise have perished. We were now perfectly helpless, and awaited death with the fortitude of despair. Then were heard prayers from lips that but a few hours before had uttered blasphemy and wickedness, and the paleness of the sea-foam was on the sunburnt faces of the crew. Amidst us was one fair and trembling girl, our only female passenger, who was lashed at the side of her father, and kept her arms continually round his neck, as if anxious not to be separated even when the wreck should go to pieces. It was a heart-breaking sight to see one, who appeared but a tender and weakly flower, clinging in her fear to an aged parent, and seeming to dread death less than being divided from him who had cherished her in his heart, and loved her with all the fondness that a father feels for his first born child. She bore up, however, as well as many of our hardiest seamen, for hopeless danger makes all equal; and the warrior in the field, the mariner on the sea, and maiden who would tremble if a bee but crossed her path, may feel the same emotions and bear them in the same manner when destruction seems inevitable. Just at that cold and cheerless time, between the departure of the night and the break of day, the dark vessel again passed us within hail, but to our repeated calls, no answer was given, except seven loud and discordant yells, and Gibbie Allan, who looked out anxiously, counted seven forms leaning over that side of the dark ship which was nearest towards us. A superstitious but undefinable sensation arose in the minds of all; but none dared to utter his thoughts to his brother sufferer; and as the sombre vessel shot out of sight, each betook himself to prayer, and endeavoured to make his peace with God, before whose presence all expected so shortly to be summoned. As the morning advanced the wind suddenly ceased, but we were still subjected to a very heavy swell, which broke over us at intervals. One of the sailors found means to procure some biscuit, which, although damaged by the salt water, was peculiarly acceptable in our exhausted state. Gibbie Allan also got us a little rum, and, after having made a good meal, our hopes began in some measure to revive.

'Towards the evening, a light breeze sprang up, which the captain was afraid would increase as on the preceding day; for



the clouds, the seaman's barometer, indicated a gale. This was cruel news to beings in our desolate situation, and, what was worse, we soon found it realized, for the wind began to freshen amain, and the wreck, from its repeated concussions against the rocks, seemed every moment in danger of going to pieces. At this critical period, when the fears of all were at their height, and a lingering, if not an immediate death, appeared inevitable, the captain, who was looking out with the utmost anxiety, suddenly exclaimed, "Cheer up! there's a sail a-head! there's a sail a-head!" and then remained breathlessly gazing over the ocean to mark the direction she took. "Tis all right!" said he, "she is running down to us! See, see! how nobly she comes into view. If these bits of timber but keep together till she nears us, all will be well! But, death! she alters her course! What's to be done? We have no signals, and we cannot fire a gun. Ha! she changes again. Hurrah! hurrah! we are worth a thousand dead men yet!" The interval between the first appearance and near approach of the strange sail, was one not merely of suspense, but of agony—of positive mental agony. At length, she neared and hailed us, and part of the crew having, with great difficulty, lowered her boat, put off at the imminent risk of their own lives to rescue ours. After the most strenuous exertions had been used, and the greatest perils braved, by the daring fellows in the boat, we were all conveyed in safety on board the ship, which proved to be the *Carib*, from Montego Bay, bound to Liverpool. The captain treated us with great kindness, and, by his aid, and the assistance of his passengers, we were furnished with dry clothes, and provisions of every kind. So different was our situation, by comparison, that we scarcely heeded the increasing violence of the winds, and the swell of the irritated waters, although the captain of the *Carib* by no means seemed to share our insensibility, but remained constantly on deck, and gave his orders with redoubled activity. As we looked towards the wreck that we had quitted, a large dark shadow glided between us, and when that had passed away, not a trace of the Good Intent was to be seen. The vessel went gallantly on her way, and stood the buffeting of the storm as if she gloried in it. The gale continued for two days, but, on the third morning, the wind dropped into a deep sleep, as though wearied out by its own powerful exertions. On the night of that day it was a dead calm. The ship appeared to be stationary, the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts, and the seaman, who had the watch, paced the deck with listless and unchanging steps, when the black trader again came within hail, and sailed past us, although there was not wind enough to hang a pearl-drop on the edge of a wave, or part a single ringlet on the forehead of the innocent and lovely girl, who that night clung to her father's arm and watched the cloud-like vessel taking her solitary and mysterious way over the melancholy main. The same seven figures were seen upon her star-board, immovable as before, yet apparently gazing towards us. As the ghostly stranger

vanished, a clear purple light, which shone like a brilliant star, played, for an instant, on our deck, and disappeared as on the former occasion. "That," said our captain, "is an augury of death to one amongst us, for the Black Trader casts not her lights about without a recompense. May heaven protect us!" "Amen!" ejaculated the voices of all on deck.

On the following morning, we took our stations at the breakfast-table, and awaited the appearance of the young lady, who was, generally, as early a riser as any of us. Still she came not. "My girl has overslept herself," said her father, "I will awaken her." He arose from his seat, and tapped gently at her door, but received no answer; he knocked louder and louder, and called upon her by name, but all was still quiet within. "She is not wont to sleep so soundly," added the father, in an agitated tone of voice, "pray Heaven, nothing has happened to my poor girl!" The passengers looked significantly and gloomily towards the captain, and a dead silence ensued. The father again called, but with as little effect, and then, as if the suspense were more horrible than the worst of certainties, he rushed against the door, burst it almost from its hinges, and entered the little cabin. A deep groan testified that the forebodings of the passengers were but too well founded. The innocent girl was dead. She had passed away from life to death, apparently in a dream, for there was not the slightest trace of pain on her beautiful face, and her arms encircled her pillow, even as she had held her father's arm on the preceding evening. I will not speak of the old man's grief—his tears—his heart-broken feelings—for no words can picture them. His daughter was the only relative that he had in the world, and he gave himself up to the most unrestrained and violent anguish. All on board endeavoured at first to divert him from his melancholy, but finding that their attentions rather added to than decreased his affliction, they forbore intruding upon him, and left it to the hand of time to soften down his sense of the calamity which had fallen upon him.

It was on a bright and beautiful night that we were assembled on deck, to give the remains of the poor girl to the wide and placid grave, that shone so glitteringly around us. The sea was perfectly calm, and as the body was let down the side of the vessel, it almost appeared as if a heaven were waiting to receive it; for the waters were as blue as the sky itself, and myriads of stars were reflected on its surface. A few minutes only had elapsed, when a dark shadow was observed at a distance, stealing rapidly along the ocean, and almost instantly the terrible Black Trader lay scarcely a cable's length from our vessel. A cold shudder crept through the boldest hearts, for they thought that some new victim was required, and even those who cared little for the others began to feel the most lively apprehensions for themselves. The seven men were still plainly seen, and the young maiden, who had just been committed to the deep, stood beside them without motion, but, as we thought,

gazing intently upon us. At this moment, sounds, that appeared to rise from the very depths of the ocean, were heard, and a full chorus echoed the following wild and gloomy song:—

'We are the merry mariners, who trade in human souls,  
And we never want a noble freight where'er our vessel rolls:

We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,

And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.

'Our weapons are the thunderbolt, and strong arm of the wave,

That strike the clay from prison'd souls, and hurl it in the grave!

We wither up the heart of man, with lightning from the cloud,

And ocean is its sepulchre, and the tempest sky its shroud.

'We envy not the ocean depths that hold the lifeless forms,

We only give to fishes food, that else had been for worms:

Let others look for pearls and gold, for diamonds bright and rare;

Oh! what are diamonds, pearls, and gold, to the noble freight we bear.

'We are the merry mariners, that trade in human souls,

And we never want a noble freight, where'er our vessel rolls:

We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,

And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.

As the chorus ceased, the Black Trader disappeared, and we saw no more of her, but prosecuted our voyage without further molestation, yet deeply impressed with the remembrance of what had passed, and with the fear of that which was to come. We arrived at Liverpool, where, finding a vessel nearly ready to sail for Bermuda, I entered on board of her, and, in all my voyages since that time, never had the ill-luck to fall in with the Black Trader.

As a set-off against this sombre theme, we shall conclude our extracts with the following:—

#### 'THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL.

'Dear cousin Banton,—A wretched being, whom the winds of heaven have not visited by day for these three months, save through the window of his attic, whom the finger of man points at as a monster amongst God's creatures, whom the world's mocks, and jeers, and idiot laughter pursue, wherever he goes, as if the stamp of Cain had been impressed upon his forehead, now addresses you, and, in the absence of any other friend, makes you the confidant of his sorrows. From what I have said, you will, doubtless, infer, that some moral feeling, some conscientious motive, actuates my persecutors in tormenting me; that some presumptive, if not positive proof of guilt attaches to me; or that some injury done to my fellow-creature makes me the object of their malevolence:—but, no! with nothing of this kind have they been able to reproach me. I followed the straight-forward path of honesty in all my dealings and intercourse with



them; this should have insured me respect. I am free even from the imputation of crime; this should protect me from insult. I am unconscious of having committed an intentional wrong against any living being; this should have saved me from the taunts of ridicule. But, alas! from a circumstance, over which I have no control, and for which, therefore, I ought not to be made amenable; from a mere whim of nature, a freak of fate, I am doomed to suffer these miseries and humiliations from nine-tenths of those whom chance throws in my way: and for what?—I am SEVEN FEET HIGH!

“The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent—no more.”

Would you credit, sir? for this I have been followed, like some strange animal unseen before among men; for this I have borne anguish, and wounded pride, and undeserved disgrace;—for this, I have been gazed at as a huge libel on the human form; as a creature, which had little in common with the rest of mankind; and for which mankind entertained no sympathies; as an indelible blot on the fair page of life,—a curse personified,—

“A tear on Nature’s universal smile.”

The world is generally very profuse of such sayings as, “manners make the man.” “The person is nothing, politeness, learning, morality, are the qualifications that people judge from, in estimating the merits of individuals.” But the greater portion of men belie their hearts. They do not condescend to search effectually,—they are satisfied with externals. Their likings and antipathies are but skin-deep. In fact, a being possessed of nature’s “fair proportions,” however limited his intellectual graces may be, is, in their estimation, a man—a reasonable creature—one of them. Whilst he, to whom Providence has given an unusually gigantic form and stature, although he may inherit a soul proportioned to the body that contains it, is deemed little less than a monster—a barbarian—uninitiated in the councils of humanity. A guilty man, provided he be of ordinary dimensions, shall walk the streets, unnoticed by the million, without insult and without derision; whereas, an innocent Gog—a guileless Colossus—an unoffending Polyphemus, shall be annoyed by the half-suppressed laughter, the pointing of the finger, and the chuckling whisper, (those demoniac attributes of unworthy man!) of every fool, and knave, and scoundrel, who has the envied privilege of being neither more nor less than five feet eight inches high. Oh! cousin! I am sick at heart! weary of existence! Disgusted with my fellow-creatures, I have been forced to bury myself in the solitude of my own chamber! I am dead to all that is passing in the world! And, why is this?—because my feelings are too sensitive to bear the idle gaze, and unprovoked attacks of the crowds of loitering boys and gaping females, and heartless men, that surround me at every turn.

‘At one time a greasy-jacketed fellow, bearing a ladder and torch, asks me, as a particular favour, to save him the trouble of ascending the former, by taking off the tops

of his lamps, and applying the lighted torch to the wicks; adding, whilst he screws up his mouth to an impudent assumption of gravity, “Your honour wo’n’t have to stretch much; you needn’t stand on tip-toe, sir! No need of stilts, your worship!” &c. At another time, a witling, whose eyes happen to be some inches nearer his mother-earth than my own, a coxcomb, clad in white corded small-clothes, with drab gaiters, and a piece of very doubtful apparel on his back,—a something, which is not long enough to constitute a Benjamin, and yet too long for a dresscoat or a Spencer,—stops me in St. Paul’s Churchyard, and, with an affected drawl and vacant stare, tells me he should feel particularly obliged—materially honoured—extremely gratified, if I would let him know the hour by St. Paul’s clock, as he is so far removed from it, that curse him if he can distinguish one hand from the other. One, with pretended earnestness, accuses me of having stolen flower-pots from his garret-window. Another charges me with the murder of his wife, who, he avers, caught cold and died, in consequence of the ruin having penetrated through the roof of his house upon her bed, all of which, he says, was occasioned by my having taken away the tiles; while a little, sneering fellow, in a suit of rusty black, wishes to be informed whether it is true that the atmosphere becomes colder in proportion as we ascend.

‘But I am getting tired of recounting the multifarious insults I have experienced, the unmerited sufferings I have undergone. Yet one thing I must not omit—the women—those seeming angels, from whom I thought we received the better portion of our nature—to whom I conceived man to be indebted for half his divinity, the women—whose eyes are suns—whose words are music—whose looks are love, have treated me as unceremoniously and as coldly and unfeelingly as those of my own sex. I was not phlegmatic enough to contemplate beauty without a feeling of admiration, nor, occasionally, without love. I offered my hand, at various periods of my life, to at least a dozen. Clarissa excused herself by saying that she was very chilly during winter, and therefore particularly partial to a low room, which would, if she married me, deprive her of her husband’s society till the spring. Rosa affirmed she was remarkably fond of walking, and, as she should not be able to reach my arm, begged to decline ‘my polite offer.’ Jane said, that looking up at me hurt her neck; and, what was worse than all, a servant-girl, by whose beauty I was fool enough to be captivated, made me a low curtsy, and, with a malicious affectation of humility, declared she was but a mean body, a poor servant, and could not think of looking so high!

‘Enough of these examples of contempt and injustice. What *Malvolio* unjustly says to *Olivia*, I might, with perfect propriety, apply to mankind in general:—

“You have done me wrong—notorious wrong!”

‘But I have no time for reproaches; it is now my hour to go out, for

“The iron tongue of midnight has told twelve.”

‘I am, dear cousin, yours, ever.’

This is well written, and to those who wish for a companion to the above picture, we would recommend the perusal of an entertaining and clever essay, entitled, *The Confessions of a Short Gentleman*, inserted in the original department of the 377th Number of *The Literary Chronicle*.

Brief as are our remarks, we think they will interest our readers so far as to induce them to possess a volume which is rich in original beauty of composition, interesting in detail, and, as a whole, worthy of a man of genius, and of the patronage of all lovers and friends of literature.

*An Account of Public Charities, Digested and Arranged from the Reports of His Majesty’s Commissioners on Charitable Foundations, in England and Wales, with Notes and Comments.* By the Editor of the Cabinet Lawyer. Part I. pp. 64. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

It is as unlikely that a virtuous man would write against good morals, as that a sensible one would waste his time with frivolities. The sound judgment, erudition, and perseverance displayed in familiarising the intricacies of our legal system, made us confident that the interesting subject now before us would, in the hands of the same editor, be distinguished by similar characteristics; and our close attention to this account of public charities fully justifies our inferences. No nation has so many excellent charitable institutions as the British; no nation has so well-informed a population; and yet it is remarkable that, till lately, no precise knowledge—no authentic record could be obtained of the numerous charitable foundations spread through every district of the kingdom. The first glimpse of light upon this important subject proceeded from the Education Committee, in 1826. In the course of their inquiries, it was incidentally disclosed, ‘that many rich endowments, appropriated to the instruction and maintenance of the opulent, were, by the ordinances of the founders, designed for the benefit of the indigent classes. It was discovered that the property left for charitable uses—for the education, clothing, and subsistence of the poor—was of immense amount; that the great mass of this property was in the hands of the clergy, the aristocracy, and corporate bodies; that much of it was consumed in political intrigue, or applied to purposes of mere personal indulgence and emolument; and that, in very few instances were the funds economically administered.’

Under the authority of Parliament, however, the inquiry, for the last six years, has been pursued, and it is from the annual Reports laid before the House of Commons, that the facts and particulars of the present publication are detailed and arranged. The information thus obtained crowds so thickly upon our view, that we should be induced to quote largely, did not the cheapness of the work place it within reach of all inquirers; we shall, however, extract a part of the account of St. Paul’s School, which will show at once the style of the public Reports, and of the author’s observations:—



'The high-master is to be chosen by the Mercers' Company; he is to be a man "hoole in bodie" and "lerned in good and cleane Latin literature, and also in Greke," to have his lodgings free, in the school-house, and to receive, for his wages, a mark a week, and a livery-gown of four nobles, "delivered in clothe; the sur-master to be appointed by the high-master, and approved by the company, and to receive for his wages 6s. 8d. a-week, with a livery-gown of four nobles; the chaplain is to have, for wages, £8 a-year, and a livery gown of 26s. 8d.

'The company have full power to add to or diminish the statutes of the founder.

'The management of the school-estate, and of the immediate concerns of the school, is vested in two officers, elected every year, from the members of the company, called the surveyor-accountant and the assistant-surveyor. The master of the company for the year is uniformly appointed surveyor-accountant, and the master of the company next in succession to the mastership assistant-surveyor.

'The number of scholars continues limited to one hundred and fifty-three. New scholars, as vacancies occur, are appointed by the surveyor-accountant for the year. On their admission they pay a shilling to the porter, which is the only charge they are put to, except for books and wax tapers; but the last, from the hours of attendance, are rarely required.

'The education is entirely classical, similar in system to that of other large public schools. Once in the year there is a general examination of the scholars, called the Apposition, which lasts three or four days; after which rewards are given, and the distribution of exhibitions to the university determined.

'In addition to the nine Campden exhibitions, of £100 each, the company have appropriated £450 of the revenues of the school, to the establishment of nine other exhibitions, of £50 each, which latter are open to any college in either university.

'The education in the school is now carried on by four masters—the high-master, sur-master, usher, and the assistant-master. The salary of the high-master is £600; the sur-master £300; the usher £220; the assistant £200; with sundry gratuities and allowances, for house-rent, gown, &c.; making the total amount of the salaries and emoluments of the masters £1513.13s. 4d. per ann.

'Among other items of expenditure in the school, during the past year, the following are the most remarkable:—

	£.	s.	d.
Pension to the late high-master, Dr. Roberts .....	1000	0	0
Salaries and gratuities to the clerks of the company £121, accountant £40, beadle £20 .....	181	0	0
Exhibitions .....	425	0	0
Courts and committees .....	287	14	0
Apposition dinner .....	299	9	0
Law agency .....	129	19	3
Examiners at the apposition .....	52	10	0
Senior scholar (present on-going to college) .....	31	10	0
Present to scholar distinguished at the university .....	25	0	0

'The remaining expenses make the total disbursements of the year £6207. 3s. 0½d.

'The large pension to the late high-master is ascribed to his long services, and as a compensation for house-rent, with the privilege he enjoyed of taking boarders from among the scholars.

'The payment to "courts and committees" is thus explained: when the court of assistants of the Mercers' Company, or committees appointed by that court, are summoned, it is customary, in order to secure a sufficient number for the despatch of business, to pay a sum of money to each member who attends. This custom prevails for courts and committees summoned for the especial business of St. Paul's School. In the latter case, the sum paid to each member is one guinea; in other cases, the sum paid out of the company's fund is larger.

'The sum of £229 9s., expended at the Apposition Dinner, is certainly not compatible with the economical provisions of the founder, who, by a clause in the statutes, directs that, on the day appointed for the audit of the accounts, there "*shall be an assembly and a LITTELL DINNER ordeyned by the surveyors, not exceeding the pryce of FOWER NOBLES!*"

'The commissioners think that the celebrity of the school is maintained, and its utility promoted by the examinations, recitations, and other ceremonials, which take place at the annual festival. They, however, cannot conclude without remarking, "that there is in the general management of the funds of the school a character of liberality, into which the members have been naturally led, by finding themselves possessed of resources more than adequate to the strict maintenance of the limited establishment appointed by the founder." A striking instance of this disposition to swell the expenditure to the limits of the income is then given. There are charges at different periods, the last of which was in 1818, and amounted to £222. 8s. for gold, to be employed in the fabrication of medals, one of which is annually given to the accountant-surveyor, on his going out of office: the value of each medal is now about £20.'

So far for the commissioners' remarks; now for the editor's—

'Observations.—Without observing exactly the smooth and silvery tones of the commissioners, it is abundantly clear, there is great absurdity and profusion in the management of St. Paul's School, and which are wholly inconsistent with the economical and useful purposes intended by the founder. It is now admitted, the charity was intended for all who could avail themselves of it, whether rich or poor; why then should the benefits of this wealthy foundation, situated in the centre of the metropolis, be limited to the precise number of one hundred and fifty-three scholars? The company are invested with full authority to modify the statutes of the school, as the changes of the times may require. When the number one hundred and fifty-three was fixed, the income of the foundation was not one-fiftieth part of its present amount. The number was adopted by Dean Colet, because it equalled the number of seats in the old school of St. Paul's,

and the number of seats was fixed, because it answered to the number of fish taken by St. Peter, mentioned John, xxi. v. 11.\* Such is the derivation of the statutable number.

'But if the company are scrupulous about violating the ordinances of the founder, it is strange they have already violated so many. The dean ordained that, every morning, the children should be at the school by seven o'clock; that, thrice every day, prostrate, they should say their prayers; that, at Childermas-day, they should "come to Paule's Church and heare the Childe Bishop's sermon, and after be at the high-mass." Are these things observed?

'The statutes of St. Paul's School are venerated in the same way, we suspect, as those of the colleges of Eton and Winchester; just as much of them is observed as suits the interest of those having the management, the rest is given to the winds. On this principle the high-master's salary of a mark a-week is interpreted to mean £613 per annum, besides gratuities; and the sur-master's salary of 6s. 8d. a-week £300 per annum. From what part of the ordinances the annual gold medal to the accountant surveyor, or the medical fee of one guinea for attendance on committees is derived, we have not been able to discover.

'From the evidence of the present high-master, Dr. Sleath, (3rd Report of the Education Committee, 1816, p. 176,) it appears the children mostly belong to the clergy, the professional gentlemen and medical men in the neighbourhood, and to gentlemen in Doctors' Commons. It has been suggested, the instruction of the school should embrace reading, writing, and mathematics, but this plan has not yet been adopted. There certainly appears no just reason why the education of the school should be limited to the acquirement of Latin and Greek. Dean Colet contemplated no such restriction, when he said, "*desiring nothyng more thanne education and bringing uppe children in good manners and literature.*" Without deviating from the literal expression, education might be interpreted to include many other branches of knowledge beside an acquaintance with the learned languages.

'The profusion in the expenditure of the school seems wholly indefensible. There can be no doubt but the same number of boys might be taught Latin and Greek at a much less sum than is now paid in pension to the late high-master; but it is mostly thus in foundations under the management of corporate bodies; no efforts to economise or to multiply the objects of the charity! If there be a surplus revenue, it is sure to be exhausted in the expenses of committees, law-agency, and surveyors' charges; in extra repairs and improvements; in ostentatious buildings; in luxurious feasting for the parties and their friends; and in pensions and gratuities. There is never too much—generally too little, and the charity in debt.'

Our author shows that the actual revenue of the public charities in England, Wales,

\* Knight's Life of Dean Colet, published 1724, page 361.



and Scotland, amounts to £1,028,993, which, he concludes, under a different system of management, could hardly fall short of two millions. To learn how this immense annual charitable fund has accumulated, the will of the various donors, and the manner in which the revenue is dispensed, are fit objects for general attention; and the intelligent and pleasing manner in which the whole is developed, will make the inquiry instructive, useful, and satisfactory.

*The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry; and other Poems.* By L. E. L., Author of *The Improvisatrice*, *The Troubadour*, &c. Small 8vo. pp. 310. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

MISS LANDON is singularly happy both in the titles of her poems, and the conception and construction of her plots. The Improvisatrice possessed in its name alone, an almost irresistible claim upon the attention of every mind so constituted as to be alive to the deep feeling, quick inventive fancy, and gracefully unlaboured expression, in which the power and peculiarity of improvisatorial skill consist; The Troubadour, too, had its host of gentle and glorious associations, not the less fascinating because they originate rather in romance than in reality, and ask the homage of the heart,—not the cold, slow, critical examination of the reason: and now comes *The Golden Violet*, again renewing Provençal recollections, redolent of harp and festival, and breathing all the accustomed witchery of poetry and music, of beauty and her vassal chivalry.

The title of the present poem is taken from the festival alluded to in the close of *The Troubadour*. 'There are,' says the author, 'various accounts of the origin of this metrical competition: the one from which my idea was principally taken is that mentioned by Warton.' It is said to have been customary in Florence, to have annual floral games, under the patronage of some high-born lady of the district, by whom a golden violet was presented as a prize to the author of the best lay written in the Provençal tongue. It will be seen, therefore, that like Miss Landon's two preceding poems, *The Golden Violet* allows ample scope for variety of theme and measure, introducing, as it does, the minstrels of every land, to recite their national legends, and chaunt their peculiar songs. The poem opens with a description of May, 'Bride of the summer, and child of the spring;' and roses, nightingales, blossoms, light boughs, soft grass, and all the other welcome and beautiful concomitants of the season, are vividly described. There is banquetting in the Lady Clemenza's hall, and distinguished beauties and dark-eyed cavaliers are seated beneath the chesnut's shade, whilst the lute's winged sweetness wanders about, echoing some treasured name, and many a grot rings with laughter at the airy jests of the gay and young. Leaving her guests, the lady of the festival strays into a cypress-roofed grove, which had formerly been the haunt of a bard 'who died before his fame.' Here she moralizes upon the minstrel's frequent fate, who—

'Lifts to his native Heaven his eyes,  
'Turns to the earth, despairs, and dies,'  
and decides, that, at least in her own native vales, it shall be her's

'To give  
The praise that bids the poet live.  
There is a flower, a glorious flower,  
The very fairest of my bower,  
With shining leaf, aroma breath,  
Befitting well a victor wreath;  
The Golden Violet shall be  
The prize of Provence minstrelsy.  
Open I'll fling my castle hall  
To throngs of harps and festival,  
Bidding the bards from wide and far,  
Bring song of love, or tale of war,  
And it shall be my own to set  
The victor's crown of violet.'

They meet at Clemenza's summons:—England sends her harp across the blue element,—the romantic Spaniard and the flower of French minstrels are present, and the bards of Erin and Italy mingle with those who have left their highland home, to contend for the prize of minstrelsy, with the effeminate sons of lands more favoured, but far less beloved. The Broken Spell, the first Provençal minstrel's lay, is a fairy tale,—slight, fanciful, and prettily conceived. Mirzala's lover, bound by a magic spell, sleeps in a marble hall. Stimulated by faith and affection, Mirzala approaches the charmed shrine, and breaks her lover's thrall. The lay of the Norman knight is entitled, *The Falcon*. It is extremely graceful and pathetic. The warrior describes his inability to follow a beloved friend to the fight, tells how he lay before his tent, and watched De Valence's foam-white steed, and the snowy plume dancing like the ocean spray, till, suddenly, De Valence's falcon burst through the air, and perched on his master's hand. Day is closing, and the warrior is mournfully pacing beside his tent, when the same bird appears, and, following its circuit through the air, he is led to the spot where its master lies slain, but with the broken sword still in his red right-hand. They inter the corpse, and, as the last sod is being placed upon the grave, the falcon falls lifeless; the Norman knight takes two feathers from the wing of the faithful bird, and these form 'his only crest.' 'The Dream' forms the subject of the Scottish minstrel's effort, and it is a poem exhibiting a rare combination of elegance, tenderness, and power. In a note, Miss Landon informs us that this tale is founded on more modern tradition than that of the distant age in which she has laid the scene of 'The Golden Violet.' 'The Vision,' she continues, 'The Prophecy, and the ultimate death of the youthful pair, are actual facts; and the present—Campbell, Esq., Laird of the Glensaddaell, *Anglicè*, Melancholy Vale, is the very child whose health and prosperity have realized the prediction of his birth.' 'The Child of the Lea,' the lay of the second Provençal bard, though extravagant in idea, is extremely polished and poetical, and not the least interesting of this beautiful collection of tales. 'The Ring,' the German *meinnesinger's* tale, is wild, strange, and mysterious enough to be characteristic; it is, moreover, in Miss

Landon's best style, abounds with beautiful descriptive passages, and has much of unaffected tenderness, and fine imagination. 'The Queen of Cyprus,' the Provençal lady's lay, is a story of woman's wrongs and resignation; need we say, that in this, our author is most successful?

But without, at present, enumerating more of the minstrel-effusions, we now quote 'The Pilgrim's Tale,' not only because its length fits it for our restricted space, but because it exhibits Miss Landon's possession of a poetical power far superior to that for which some critics are inclined to give her credit.

#### 'THE PILGRIM'S TALE.'

'I have gone east, I have gone west,  
To seek for what I cannot find;  
A heart at peace with its own thoughts,  
A quiet and contented mind.  
I have sought high, I have sought low,  
Alike my search has been in vain;  
The same lip mix'd the smile and sigh,  
The same hour mingled joy and pain.  
And first I sought 'mid sceptred kings;  
Power was, so peace might be with them:  
They cast a look of weariness  
Upon the care-lined diadem.  
I ask'd the soldier; and he spoke  
Of a dear quiet home afar,  
And whisper'd of the vanity,  
The ruin, and the wrong of war.  
I saw the merchant 'mid his wealth;  
Peace surely would with plenty be:  
But no! his thoughts were all abroad  
With their frail ventures on the sea.  
I heard a lute's soft music float  
In summer sweetness on the air;  
But the poet's brow was worn and wan,—  
I saw peace was not written there.  
And then I number'd o'er the ills,  
That wait upon our mortal scene;  
No marvel peace was not with them,  
The marvel were if it had been.  
First, childhood comes with all to learn,  
And, even more than all, to bear  
Restraint, reproof, and punishment,  
And pleasures seen but not to share.  
Youth, like the Scripture's madman, next,  
Scattering around the burning coal;  
With hasty deeds and misused gifts,  
That leave their ashes on the soul.  
Then manhood wearied, wasted, worn,  
With hopes destroy'd and feelings dead;  
And worldly caution, worldly wants,  
Coldness, and carelessness instead.  
Then age at last, dark, sullen, drear,  
The breaking of a worn-out wave;  
Letting us know that life has been  
But the rough passage to the grave.  
Thus we go on; hopes change to fears  
Like fairy gold that turns to clay,  
And pleasure darkens into pain,  
And time is measured by decay.  
First our flesh feelings are our wealth,  
They pass and leave a void behind;  
Then comes ambition, with its wars,  
That stir but to pollute the mind.  
We loathe the present, and we dread  
To think on what to come may be;  
We look back on the past, and trace  
A thousand wrecks, a troubled sea.  
I have been over many lands,  
And each and all I found the same;  
Hope in its borrow'd plumes, and care  
Madden'd and mask'd in pleasure's name.



I have no tale of knightly deed :  
 Why should I tell of guilt and death,  
 Of plains deep dyed in human blood,  
 Of fame which lies in mortal breath.  
 I have no tale of lady love,  
 Begun and ended in a sigh,  
 The wilful folly nursed in smiles  
 Though born in bitterness to die.  
 I have a tale from eastern lands,  
 The same shall be my song to-day ;  
 It tells the vanity of life,—  
 Apply its lesson as you may.

‘THE EASTERN KING: THE PILGRIM’S TALE.

‘He flung back the chaplet, he threw down the wine,

“Young monarch, what sorrow or care can be thine?

There are gems in thy palace, each one like a star  
 That shines in the bosom of twilight afar ;  
 Thy goblets are mantling in purple and light,  
 The maidens around thee like morning are bright,

Ten kingdoms bow down at the sound of thy name,

The lands of far countries have heard of thy fame,

The wealth of the earth, and the spoils of the seas,

Are thine ; oh, young monarch, what ail’st thou, with these?”

“I’m weary, I’m weary. Oh! pleasure is pain  
 When its spell has been broken again and again.  
 I am weary of smiles that are bought and are sold,  
 I am weary of beauty, whose fetters are gold,  
 I am weary of wealth—what makes it of me  
 But that which the basest and lowest might be?  
 I have drain’d the red wine-cup, and what found I there?

A beginning of madness, no ending of care!

I am weary of each, I am weary of all,  
 Listless my revel, and lonely my hall.

Breathe not the song, for its sweetness is flown ;  
 Fling not these flowers at the foot of my throne ;

Veil, maidens, veil your warm cheeks of the rose,

Ye are slaves of my sceptre, I reck not of those!”

‘The monarch rose up with the reddening of morn,

He rose to the music of trumpet and horn ;  
 His banner is spread to the sun and the wind,

In thousands the plain by his warriors is lined.  
 The foot ranks go first, their bows in their hand,

In multitudes gathering like waves on the strand ;

Behind ride his horsemen, as onwards they come,

Each proud steed is covering his bridle with foam.

In the midst is the king: there is pride on his brow,

As he looks on the myriads that follow him now;  
 His eye and his sabre are flashing alike,

Woe, woe for the warrior that dares him to strike!

‘Thousands and thousands are strewn on the ground,

Almed comes back a conqueror, but what hath he found?

The cry of the orphan is loud on his ear,  
 And his eye hath beheld the young bride’s bitter tear,

And the friend of his youth is left dead on the plain,

And the flower of his nobles return not again.  
 There are crowds that are filling the air with his name;

Do ye marvel the monarch is loathing his fame?

‘Again to the sunshine the banners are spread ;  
 Again rings the earth with the warriors’ tread ;  
 And loud on the wings of the morning are borne  
 The voice of the trumpet, the blast of the horn ;  
 And eager to gaze on the royal array,  
 The people in crowds gather forth on its way.  
 Who would deem they were gazing on death  
 and on doom,

That yon purple and gold strew’d the way to the tomb?

The canopy glitters ; oh, vainest deceit!

There the king’s robe of state is his cold wind-  
 ing-sheet.

And he at whose beck waited life, waited death,  
 He hath not command on a poor moment’s breath

A whole people trembled when that he but frown’d,

And his smile was the summer of nations around.

Now who is there watches for smile or for frown:  
 For the head of another is girt with his crown ;

And he lieth a heap of powerless clay,  
 Where the meanest earth-worm at his pleasure may prey.

‘They bore the monarch on to his tomb,  
 Black marble suiting such dwelling of gloom :

But on it was graven a lesson sublime,  
 A voice from the grave appealing to Time ;

Were not voice from the living or dead alike  
 On the heart in its foolish pride to strike.

“Millions bow’d down at the foot of my throne ;

The strength of the north and the south were my own ;

I had treasures pour’d forth like the waves of the sea ;

Success seem’d the slave of my sceptre to be.  
 And pleasures in crowds at my least bidding came,

Every wish that the will in its wildness could frame :

And yet, amid all that fell to my share,  
 How much was weariness, how much was care!

I numbered years of pain and distress,  
 And but fourteen days of happiness.

Mortal, nor pleasure, nor wealth, nor power,  
 Are more than the toys of a passing hour ;

Earth’s flowers bear the foul taint of earth,  
 Lassitude, sorrow, are theirs by their birth.

One only pleasure will last, to fulfill,  
 With some shadow of good, the Holy One’s will.

The only steadfast hope to us given,  
 Is the one which looks in its trust to Heaven.”

The Young Avenger, the Spanish Min-  
 strel’s Tale, is extremely spirited and striking,

and possesses a claim to the high praise of originality, which the productions of Miss

Landon rarely exhibit. But the most finished

and beautiful poem of the whole, is The

Rose of the Italian Minstrel, an effort de-  
 lightfully indicative of the progress which

Miss Landon is making in the brilliant art

of which she is already so distinguished an

ornament. The Haunted Lake of the

Irish Minstrel and the Wreath of the Moor-  
 ish Bard, are sweet, fanciful, and pathetic

pieces. The English Knight (Sir Walter

Manny at his Father’s Tomb,) is the last, and

it appears to us, the only worthless candidate

for the lady Clemenza’s prize. Miss Landon

does not declare the victor, but beautifully says,

‘Let each one at their pleasure set  
 The prize—The Golden Violet.

Could I choose where it might belong,  
 ‘Mid phantoms but of mine own song?’

My task is ended ; it may seem  
 But vain regret for morning dream,

To say how sad a look is cast  
 Over the line we know the last.

The weary hind at setting sun  
 Rejoices over labour done,

The hunter at the ending chase,  
 The ship above its anchoring-place,

The pilgrim o’er his pilgrimage,  
 The reader o’er the closing page ;

All, for end is to them repose.  
 The poet’s lot is not with those :

His hour in Paradise is o’er ;  
 He stands on earth, and takes his share

Of shadows closing round him more,  
 The feverish hope, the freezing care ;

And he must read in other eyes,  
 Or if his spirit’s sacrifice

Shall brighten, touch’d with Heaven’s own fire,  
 Or in its ashes dark expire.

Then even worse,—what art thou, fame?  
 A various and doubtful claim

One grants and one denies ; what none  
 Can wholly quite agree upon.

A dubious and uncertain path  
 At least the modern minstrel hath ;

How may he tell, where none agree,  
 What may fame’s actual passport be ?

‘For me, in sooth, not mine the lute  
 On its own powers to rely ;

But its chords with all wills to suit,  
 It were an easier task to try

To blend in one each varying tone  
 The midnight wind hath ever known.

One saith that tale of battle brand  
 Is all too rude for my weak hand ;

Another, too much sorrow flings  
 Its pining cadence o’er my strings.

So much to win, so much to lose,  
 No marvel if I fear to choose.

How can I tell of battle field,  
 I never listed brand to wield ;

Or dark ambition’s pathway try,  
 In truth I never look’d so high ;

Or stern revenge, or hatred fell,  
 Of what I know not, can I tell?

I soar not on such lofty wings,  
 My lute has not so many strings ;

Its dower is but a humble dower,  
 And I who call upon its aid,

My power is but a woman’s power,  
 Of softness and of sadness made.

In all its changes my own heart  
 Must give the colour, have its part.

If that I know myself what keys  
 Yield to my hand their sympathies,

I should say it is those whose tone  
 Is woman’s love and sorrow’s own ;

Such notes as float upon the gale,  
 When twilight, tender nurse and pale,

Brings soothing airs and silver dew  
 The panting roses to renew ;

Feelings whose truth is all their worth,  
 Thoughts which have had their pensive birth

When lilies hang their heads and die,  
 Eve’s lesson of mortality.

Such lute, and with such humble wreath  
 As suits frail string and trembling breath,

Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.  
 Oh! o’er it bend with yielding brow :

Read thou it when some soften’d mood  
 Is on thy hour of solitude ;

And tender memory, sadden’d thought,  
 On the world’s harsher cares have wrought.

Bethink thee, kindly look and word  
 Will fall like sunshine o’er each chord ;

That, light as is such boon to thee,  
 Tis more than summer’s noon to me ;

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That, if such meed my suit hath won,  
I shall not mourn my task is done.'

Appended to *The Golden Violet*, are five exquisite gems of poesy; *Erinna*, the *Coniston Curse*, a *Yorkshire Legend*, *The Omen*, and *Love's Last Lesson*. Of the first (*Erinna*) Miss Landon says 'my aim has been to draw the portrait and trace the changes of a highly poetical mind, too sensitive perhaps of the chill and bitterness belonging even to success.' This portrait she has drawn with extraordinary ability, evidently appealing to her own experience, and thus ensuring the sympathy and admiration of every reader of taste and feeling.

In taking leave of this truly beautiful production, it is but justice to say that its author has evidently sought to benefit by the criticisms which her former productions have elicited. Availing herself of some judicious counsels, she has corrected much; and we are happy to say that what she has gained in finish, she has not lost in feeling. *The Golden Violet* exceeds the *Troubadour*, in imagination and every poetical requisite, as much as the latter excelled *The Improvisatrice*; and this gratifying fact warrants us in anticipating a production which shall yet make the name of Landon honourably and permanently conspicuous among the proudest of the day.

#### BOADEN'S LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS.

(Concluded from p. 806.)

IN our last we endeavoured to pay some attention to the gradual progress of Mrs. Siddons to a fame great and enduring; in our present notice we shall be more desultory and follow the plan adopted by Mr. Boaden, for in very truth to extract from these volumes any thing like a continuous account of the life of the great actress, would prove a task which, inured as we are to dissect literary productions, we should fail to accomplish. The greater portion of the two volumes contains critiques, either on Mrs. Siddons, or the characters which she performed. These are indeed masterly, but by no means extractable.

The following enumeration of the prices given by the Empress of Russia for the Houghton collection of pictures, may serve for reference.

'A principle of association leads me here to notice a severe loss appertaining to a sister art, painting. The government of the country having had its attention engrossed by a long and unnatural struggle, about this time the magnificent collection of art at Houghton was transferred to the Empress of Russia, for the sum of 40,825*l*. It is gratifying to know that so superior is the present condition of this country, that after a war to which that of America was but a prologue, the tragic drama closed upon us with resources so vast, that we should have voted the sum in parliament with acclamation that was to keep such a treasure among us. I shall risk, as a divertimento, a small selection of the greater works, with the prices given for them by the empress:—

'The immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin, by Guido.....	3500
Pope Innocent the XIIIth, after this beautiful picture had been shipped at Civita Vecchia, could hardly be persuaded to permit the vessel to depart.	
A Holy Family, by Vandyke.....	1600
The Magdalen washing the Saviour's feet, by Rubens.....	1600
A Sea-port and calm Sea, by Claude....	1200
Four markets—Fowl, Fish, Fruit, Herbs, Snijders.....	1000
Two Flower Pieces, by Van Huysum....	1200
Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona.....	1000
A Holy Family, life size, Nicolo. Poussin	800
Moses striking the Rock, by the same...	900
A Cook Ship, by Teniers.....	800
Christ baptized by St. John, by Albano..	700
Assumption of the Virgin, by Morillo..	700
The Adoration of the Shepherds, by ditto.	600
Bathsheba, by Vanderwerf.....	700
The Prodigal Son, by Salvator Rosa....	700
The Contenance of Scipio, by Nicolo. Poussin.....	600
Six Sketches of Triumphal Arches, by Rubens.....	600
The Wife of Rubens, by Vandyke.....	600
Charles the First and Henrietta, whole lengths, by Vandyke.....	400
Judgment of Paris, by Luca Jordano, &c.	500

But it is perfectly distressing to copy the sad detail, and to consider at the same time what prices would be given now to recover the pictures.'

A word or two on dramatic composition, from so excellent a judge as Mr. Boaden, is worth hearing:

'But I have remarked, that however excellent the materials which the novelist affords to the dramatic writer, the habit of composing the longer work is somewhat unfriendly to great celebrity in the shorter, and the inventor of the subject does not usually best dress it for the theatre. The habit of expanding a fable through from three to five ample volumes, as it allows character to be gradually unfolded, impresses it with fuller effects; the comedies of the novelist are commonly weak and heavy, there is too little business, and too much conversation, and a very admirable painter of the manners is guilty of an indifferent play.

'The dramatic author has only at most five short acts to display all the peculiarities in his characters, however diversified in what our forefathers called their humours. Here he has great aid it is true in the admirable skill of his actors; who from the possession they take of a part, or allow the part to take of them, in the first word they utter convey "a whole history," and by their dress and action place the living being absolutely before you. The fable, however, neither abruptly nor languidly, must be completely developed, and concluded in the short compass of eighty or a hundred pages, and yet such is the nature of dramatic effect, that, frequently indeed, the last act is lingered out by expedients often perilous, and always tiresome.'

In 1783, Mrs. Siddons visited Dr. Johnson: we merely notice this to record a compliment which the usually unbending lexicographer paid her.

'When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her. "Madam," said Johnson, with a smile, "you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself."

We pass over the invidious attacks made upon the reputation of Mrs. Siddons; attacks founded in envy of her great and deserved popularity and arrive at the conclusion of Mr. Boaden's labours.

'The last season but one of our great actress, 1810-11, she performed nearly the whole of her characters; and never did she display greater dignity and force of mind. The singular lot of this consummate artist was to possess some compensation through life, for every excellence that time could not but diminish. It would be absurd to say, that her Autumn excited the tears of her *April*, when her *Isabella*, her *Shore*, and her *Belvidera*, were in their prime, and in my time were neither equalled nor approached; but I may reasonably inquire, whether I myself have not lost more than the actress ever did? and allowing much for the operation of age, I may also take into the account, the frequent performances which I have seen of the same characters. But I incline to think that the *Lady Macbeth*, the *Queen Katharine*, the *Constance*, the *Hermione*, never suffered in the slightest degree, down to their very latest repetition.

'The year 1812 was to be distinguished by the greatest loss of the tragic stage. The play-bills now, announcing the character of the night, with melancholy accuracy stated, that it would be the *last time* of her ever appearing in it; and it seemed almost a withdrawing of the character itself from the stage. After some little fluctuation about the farewell part, it was properly settled to be *Lady Macbeth*; and on the 29th of June, 1812, being her own night, she took leave of the public, after a very sublime performance of her greatest effort. Her nephew, Mr. Twiss, supplied the verses upon this interesting occasion, and showed how successfully he could assume the tone of a popular poet, for whose composition, indeed, it might be mistaken. I preserve what constituted the personal appeal, because the lines are very flowing and musical, and extremely well pointed to the object.'

"Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,  
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,  
May think on her, whose lips have poured so long  
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song;  
On her, who parting to return no more,  
Is now the mourner she but seem'd before,  
Herself subdu'd, resigns the melting spell,  
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell!"

As the audience dismissed the rest of the play, when the terrible *night scene* of Mrs. Siddons shut in, there was only to wait till she was ready to address them, which they did with complimentary patience; and her brother came on the stage to lead off that great partner of his toil; and by whom alone he could have accomplished the distinguishing ob-



ject of his management. The retirement from what has been the source alike of fame and fortune, may be a graceful, but is commonly an anxious moment. Five and twenty years earlier, the historian of the *DECLINE and FALL* at the close of the same month, had written the last words of his mighty labour. His pen dropt a few reflections upon the state of his mind at that moment, full of truth and melancholy beauty; the reader may not be displeased to see them here, and his fancy may apply them with strict truth, to the noble actress, whom Mr. Gibbon had so greatly admired, and so constantly attended while in London. "It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden." (At Lausanne.) "After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Whether the great actress regretted or not the stated calls to exertion, I know not; but her kindness certainly, probably her taste, led her, the year following, to act *Lady Macbeth*, for the benefit of her brother Charles. In the year 1816 she performed *Katharine* once more, for the same kind object; and had consented to repeat her *Lady Macbeth*, on the 8th of June of that year, to gratify the Princess Charlotte, and her royal consort of Saxe Coburg. The Princess, though ill, at first imagined she should be able to attend; but her illness increasing, she was obliged to relinquish the design, and send notice accordingly to the theatre. At first the managers thought of changing the play; but conceiving that the public would suffer disappointment at not seeing Mrs. Siddons, she readily consented to act, and seemed to have lost little of her power in the four years of retirement from the stage.

'One other exertion, a public reading, is attributed to a higher motive, the desire to assist a family suffering under the premature loss of the father of it, a man of no mean powers either as actor or author. It was in the month of February, 1813, that this graceful aid to the widow of Mr. Cherry was rendered by Mrs. Siddons. That lamented actor expired on the 7th of February, the preceding year.'

'I know distinctly that the sensibility of Mr. Cherry was so hurt by some of that flip-pant stuff, which dishonours the name of criticism among us, that he, who had restored prosperity to Drury Lane Theatre, by the *Soldier's Daughter*, died of a wounded

spirit. I have at times heard something like a positive avowal from critics, "that they wrote bitterly without spleen, that the public called for such amusement, and that *depraved appetites require poignant sauce*."

"The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?" "I have now conducted this great performer through the whole of her professional existence; and, if I could flatter myself that I had fully accomplished my design, have delivered to the world a MONUMENT to her HONOUR."

'But no one can be more sensible than myself, that our WISHES are the children of imagination, and that their execution must be bounded by our POWER.'

Mr. Boaden's work is one evidently of great talent; the author's observations on the stage are mostly judicious and good; his portraiture of Mrs. Siddons is as perfect as it well can be; and, for the members of the theatrical profession and all lovers of dramatic lore, we know of no recent publication better calculated to interest them than these volumes.

#### NEW MUSIC. PINNA. 1826.

1. *Rondeaux à la Masquerade*. By JOSEPH DE PINNA.
2. *Popular London Cries, adapted as Characteristic Rondos*. By PINNA.
3. *Rondeaux à la Masquerade*. By PINNA.
4. *The Drum: the Words* by Scott; Music by JOSEPH DE PINNA.
5. *Gather your Rosebuds*: Words, anonymous; Music, PINNA.
6. *The Bee*: Words, WATTS; Music, PINNA.
7. *The Morning Lark*: Words, THOMSON; Music, PINNA.
8. *The Violet*: Words, CUNNINGHAM; Music, PINNA.
9. *The Redbreast*: Words, LANGHORNE; Music, PINNA.

THE above compositions by Mr. De Pinna, of whose musical abilities we have had, for some time past, a favourable opinion, we shall singly and briefly notice:—

1. This is a pleasing and diversified composition; many of the strains are characteristic, and the whole is clever and well adapted for learners.

2. Nearly the same observations can be applied to this. Buy a Broom, one of the cries, is a movement exhibiting a considerable share of talent.

3. The whole of these rondos, in addition to their simplicity, are well adapted for the hand.

4. The Drum: this air is good, and expresses with force the character of the words.

5. Gather your Rosebuds is extremely pretty, and will form a sweet addition to the portfolio of a young lady; the words are well done, and their accompaniment easy and elegant.

6. The Bee, from the well known lines of Watts, is meagre and poor.

7. Thomson's poetry is done justice to; yet we think the accompaniment might have been more varied, and, in consequence, have greater effect.

8. The Violet is really a musical gem—in-

initely the finest of the collection; we recommend this air to all admirers of harmony, in its most pleasing and perfect forms.

9. The Redbreast, from Langhorne's long, celebrated, and beautiful words, is a failure. Mr. De Pinna is capable of much better things, and we lament, from the beauty of the verse, that he has caught so little inspiration.

These compositions, taken as a whole, evidently do great honour to their author; but if he wishes them to become popular, which assuredly they deserve to be, we would seriously advise him to lower his price, which is at present preposterously high.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

TASSONI—LA SECCHIA RAPITA.

THE simple story upon which this poem is founded, is plainly thus. During one of the many quarrels, which in early times invaded the quiet of Italy, where every petty state resented its own quarrels by the force of arms, the heroes of Madena, resenting some injury offered them, by their neighbours, the Bolognese, or it may be, themselves commencing hostilities, by a marauding incursion into the neighbouring territories, carried away a bucket from a well in the midst of the town of Bologna. Upon this, the Bolognese arose in arms, and set themselves to punish their enemies by a constant system of free-booting and petty robbery upon the undefended farms and cattle of their enemies. This was at last magnified into a little war, which ended by the Bolognese getting the upper hand, and carrying back as a trophy of victory, the far-famed bucket, which is still preserved, locked up in all sacredness and sanctity, in the cathedral at Bologna. This story Tassoni has taken and swelled out into a mock-heroic poem of four-and-twenty cantos. It is not our intention to pursue the progress of the story step by step. Our readers will perceive that the ground work is bald enough; and they will very probably surmise that there must be a great deal of repetition, or heavy or extraneous matter, where it is extended to any length. They will not, in that case, be far from the true conjecture. The first book opens with a description of the skirmish in which the bucket was carried away;—the second introduces us to a council of the gods, who determine to advocate different sides in the contest, but scarcely ever deign to make their appearance afterwards, as if the poet had altogether lost sight of his machinery;—the third book is taken up in enumerating and describing the appointments of the Modanese troops,—this is done with some humour and wit, so much so, that we should willingly extract from this portion of the poem, if our limits were not small, and we had not better game in view. Those, however, of our readers, who feel their curiosity awakened will find some translations of this nature in Sismondi's literature of the South of Europe.—The fifth book is taken up with a battle;—the sixth, an enumeration of the troops of Bologna;—the seventh, another battle, and so on to the end of the chapter.

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Thus, the bill of fare is not over enticing :— had the matter been compressed into about half the space, the poem would have been much less tedious, and much more amusing. There is, however, a fine vein of poetry throughout the book, unblemished by any of the false and prurient taste of the age. This is somewhat singular, and it is equally remarkable in all the mock-heroic poems, to which the seventeenth century gave birth, that when all the other writers of the day were running mad after quibbles, conceits, false metaphors, and language the most turbid and inflated that could be found, these poems alone, in which such blemishes would have been somewhat more excusable, are the only books which are entirely free from them. Indeed, there are many stanzas in the *Secchia Rapita* which would have conferred an additional lustre to the *Jerusalem Liberata*.

We shall now endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the peculiarities of the poem, by an extract, which we have been at some trouble in translating. It is from the ninth book, which represents a charmed island, on which a warrior, armed cap-a-pie, appears, and challenges the cavaliers of either host to enter the lists with him. After having been successful in every conflict, and overthrown or slain each of his opponents, without any apparent effort, the Count Culagna is chosen, by lot, as the next champion, and sent out to the lists solely against his own good will. The poet then proceeds to describe the hero, and the rencontre, in the following stanzas :—

His lance was longer by some seven fingers  
Than any couched before, and on his crest  
A brindled panther stood ; so slow he lingers,  
You well might see his heart was ill at rest ;  
The trumpet sounds, as loud as fifty singers,  
But no response is kindled in his breast ;  
Yet on he moves all trembling and dismay'd,  
As one obliged to fight, although afraid.  
Yet clings he to his saddle bow, and low  
His lance is sunk—unloos'd his courser's  
rein,  
With closed eyes midway he meets the foe,  
And lips compress'd with very fear and pain ;  
When lo ! O wonderment ! without a blow  
The charmed knight is stretch'd upon the  
plain,  
Whilst all the host, with lungs of deepest might,  
Shout to the skies, ' Long live the panther  
knight.'  
And he, astounded at the sound, just turns,  
And views his foeman lying there ;  
With joy and wonderment his bosom burns,  
And like two coals his optics widely stare.  
Not so the fallen knight—enraged he spurns  
The ground, and storms, and mutters curses  
rare  
Upon the fight, to think he could not win it ;  
At which the island shook, and all things in it.  
The lights were gone i' th' twinkling of an eye,  
And lists and tents amidst the war of thunder  
Evanished ; the island, suddenly,  
Became a bark—above, around, and under,  
All, all had fled, as mists athwart the sky ;  
And nought remained behind for sack or  
plunder,  
Save and except our champion and a dwarf,  
Who bore a shield and lantern to his scarf.

He held the shield out to the cavalier,  
And said, ' This shield was left the victor's  
prize,  
What time my lord thought fit to disappear—  
And now, sir knight, he prays, that as his eyes  
Have seen thy deeds of prowess, so his ear  
May learn thy fortunes, rank, and dignities ;  
Thy name, birth, parentage, and education,  
The whence you come, thy country, and thy  
nation.'  
At this our cavalier, with pure delight,  
Began to skip like any Merry Andrew,  
And answer'd, ' Tell thy lord, sir dwarfish  
knight,  
That from the Spanish land my kin and clan  
drew  
Their origin ; and he renowned in fight,  
The stoutest lance that e'er a body ran  
through,  
Don Quixote, prince of chivalry, upon  
Some foreign femme begat Don Flegeton,  
' Who was my sire. In Italy the knight  
Became possess'd of riches, rank, and land O,  
Nought lack'd his glory but some Turpin wight  
To chronicle his prowess like Orlando—  
Nor hero bold, nor Paladin in fight  
Could match the mighty whizzing of his  
brand O—  
Yet tell thy lord, that nought may be untold,  
My name is known as Count Culagna bold.  
' Now since I've waked thy curiosity,  
Unfolding all my hist'ry, page by page,  
It rests, sir dwarf, with you to satisfy  
My wish to learn your name and lineage.'—  
The courteous dwarf replied, ' Most certainly—  
But first we'll disembark, for I'll engage  
You band of knights, who crowd into our view,  
Will like to hear the tale as much as you.'  
Thus saying, on the river's bank they landed,  
Where several cavaliers together sat,  
Who, when they saw the little boat disbanded,  
Press'd eager round to ask of this and that.  
' Certes I come,' in courtly phrase and candid,  
The dwarf replied, ' To have a little chat,  
And gratify the general wish by clearing  
These marvels up—oblige me with a hearing.  
' Know all men by these presents then, that when  
The Ghibbelines obtained the upper hand,  
The Count Valestra, amongst other men,  
To save his life, was forc'd to fly the land.  
He sought a distant clime, and there and then  
He got possession of a magic wand,  
And mighty treasure, by some secret rites  
Which he was wont to practise in the nights.  
' And there alone in some enchanted cave  
He nourished an only son, by name  
Melindo : gentle was the youth and brave—  
The old man's hope and comfort—till the  
fame  
Of some fair damsel, whose descent I crave  
Most humbly pardon for omitting, came  
Like lightning o'er his senses, and inspired  
A flame untamed, unquenchable, untir'd.  
' With sighs and prayers he sought his sire's  
consent,  
To seek her here amidst her deeds of might ;  
Thus to the charmed isle his steps he bent,  
To hold the lists, her champion in the fight.  
But thronging fears the old man's bosom rent—  
He thought of his boy's youth, and then the  
bright  
Keen valour of his foes, so charmed he  
A charm, that neither should his offspring be  
' By force or valour conquer'd, and that he  
Should never from his saddle bow be driv'n,  
Unless by some mischance his foe should be  
The very biggest coward under Heaven.—

The more renown'd his foeman's bravery,  
The easier conquest to his son was giv'n,  
Just as the thunderbolt falls heaviest  
Upon the rock which can resist it best.' H. L.

## LETTER TO MRS. RAMSBOTTOM.

MY DEAR MRS. RAMSBOTTOM,—I concatenate you on your return from outlandish parts. I receive by your last letter that you crossed over from Bullone, which I suppose is French for the One Bull, some inn or other on the incontinent, to Hastings. But I was extremely decomposed to hear, that poor dear Mr. Ramsbottom was so creamish on the passage. He says that he was screeching all the time, and that nothing could abbreviate his thickness, because you had such a very rough sea. I can't wink at the treason of this ; it use'nt to be so very very rough as all that. Poor dear ! you can't imagine what an incrustation I was in about him. But that is not what I was going to write about. Do you know that since you have taken, by Hook or by crook, to publish those printed letters of yours in the teeth of John Bull, every one is very indigent at your obesity ; and I must say that it ill becomes a patron of your age, and the apparent of such a numerous prodigy to indulge in such improper contusions. There's Mr. Huntleigh says he is shocked at the crookedness of your ways ; though I don't exactly surprise his meaning, because, though you never were over well flavoured, you used not to be bandy, and so I don't see how you can help walking straight, unless you try to take off Mr. Crabb. Indeed you appear a very suit of satin ; and I'm sure that you never use the tooth-brush I sent you to clean your teeth with, otherwise you could not be so fowl mouthed. I know very well that you always were a funny one, but I do not see that your wit can be at all illustrated by being dragged through the kennel, seeing that London mud bears no dissimulace to Warren's blacking, which shines the more, the more you rubbush it. I hope you will take these hints with good part, and not part with them very soon. By the by, you must have been disposed of when you said that the Dolphin of France was the same as the English Prince of Whales, because Mr. Wrangler, who is a member of the Universe City, told me, that there was a Latin verse, written, I suppose, by some very young man or other, as he always called him a Juvenal, which proves that the English Prince of Whales is a much greater man than the French dolphin.

' Quanto delphinis balæna Britannica major.' We all went the other day to see Mr. Walker's How-high-can-you-run ? so called because it is all about the high racings and runnings of the stars. We were vastly benighted with it. Here I first learnt what is meant by the liberty of the press, having had my outside almost pressed inside. I always thought before that it meant sending one to sea by express. Mr. Walker's stricture was all about the involving system of the lunar bodies, which must mean the Jews, because Jew Peter is called, in the play, a great man in the upper circles, and Jew No, a person of lesser magnitude, must be the old-



clothes' man who purchases Mr. Ramsbottom's worn-out carmen, for Mr. R. says he is no Jew now, that he has been naturalized. I trust you will think of the *advice*, (though I don't see what vice you have to add,) which I have endeavoured to distill into you about your writings, and begin a new life with the beginning of the new year. Till then, I wish you the compliments of the season, that is, the wealth of King Greaseus, and health to enjoy it; for Christmas is in every sense a very billious season, as I know to my cost.

TABITHA MALAPROP.

P.S. Many thanks to Mr. R. for the brace of cartridges and the pleasant.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THOUGH the storms of affliction may lower,  
The thunders of destiny roll,  
Nor heaven nor earth shall have power  
Thine image to tear from my soul.  
Let time and let absence conspire  
Its colours to mar or efface;  
Still memory's pencil of fire  
Each beauty as bright shall retrace. AB.

#### SONNET.

IF unto fame I have not won my way,  
'Tis not because I have not strongly tried,  
And shall, though trouble's waves around me  
ride,  
And Fortune's wind still keep me from its bay.  
Like bark to windward beating, day by day,  
The shore she seeks unto her still denied,  
'Twixt which some dark rock lifts its head of  
pride,  
And frowns like monster watching for his prey.  
Am I, now closely haul'd, now gently free,  
I work to windward but by slow degrees,  
Dashing aside Adversity's rude seas,  
Smiling at ills that lower beneath my lee;  
Still with firm eye and hand my course I shape,  
But cannot double Disappointment's cape.

S. R. J.

#### MY FIRST VIEW OF HASTINGS.

I DO recal the moment and the scene  
With an affection and a feeling, like  
Those which possess the bosom when we think  
Of some dear face we are to see no more!  
I stood upon a lofty mount, from which  
(As I turned suddenly) burst upon mine eye,  
A wild and varied and majestic view!  
On one side lay the billowy expanse  
Of the unquiet ocean! In the night  
Of its own power and restlessness it threw  
Its waves to the dark heavens.

On the other,  
Beneath my feet there lay the busy haunt  
Of Fashion's sickly votaries;—the hum  
Of petty powers and passions reached mine ear,  
(Strange contrast!) and seemed vainly to contend  
With the eternal water's rushing roar! D.

#### VERSES,

On being requested to write a Love Song, or one  
to Greece, in a Lady's Album, soon after being  
presented with a Rose.

No!—music breath'd when all is hush'd  
Is that which hath the sweetest tone,  
And love tells not in other ears  
What should be told to one alone.

Then could I sing my every wish,  
That hath its hallow'd fount in thee;  
I would not write such accents here,  
For every idle gaze to see.  
Nor may I give my verse to Greece,  
Whose woes to Heaven alone belong;  
Since it were sin to mock with tears,  
And lend her warriors but a song.  
The bannered armies rush to fight,  
And not to weep in slavery;  
Then who would dare to pity those  
That die to make their country free?  
But I may tell that Laura's gift  
Shall never from my heart be flung,  
Though every blushing leaf were dead,  
And ruin o'er its perfume hung. M.

### FINE ARTS.

#### *The Passions of the Horse, Designed and Executed by H. B. CHALON.*

THE second of these most able and spirited illustrations of the *Passions of the Horse* is just published; the subject is Love: extraordinarily great as were the merits of the preceding print, we freely confess that the present one is every way worthy of forming its companion. This most difficult subject for an artist to portray is handled with astonishing beauty and fidelity: in the foreground is a fine horse, whose perfect proportions are shown off to the greatest advantage, by his fore-feet resting on some broken pales, on the other side of which the head of a mare is visible; their noses are together, and to the hair of her floating mane, the artist has given a most feminine and appropriate softness. This is daringly contrasted by the erect and agitated demeanor of the horse, whose eyeballs and veins are dilated with the turbulence of reasonless passion. To adequately describe this exquisite delineation would be impossible. In an aperture, formed by the defectiveness of the fence, the head and neck of a poney is seen, who, like many of the biped creation, seems curiously inclined; but we have done. Our delight, at this masterly performance, is mingled with much surprise, and we wait with anxiety the completion of Mr. Chalon's labours.

*Fallacy of the idea that excellence in the arts can only be obtained by what is called innate genius.*—I believe there cannot be a greater plague—a more noxious moral pestilence befall us, than an operative belief in this untrue and unsupported notion. Like impious views of fatalism in religion, this literary fatality is a canker which corrodes and wastes every springing bud of knowledge and acquirement. We delay to advance, because we doubt our power; we desire to travel, yet rise not to encounter the fatigue. Under these impressions we languish out our days in feeble efforts, and unsuccessful, because weak and hesitating, attempts. It may be true that we are born with minds like our bodies, endowed with different degrees of strength: but that strength is our own,—we have, beyond all question, power to walk in any direction,—our progress may be slow, but we are entirely at liberty to select our own road. We know that no royal or exclu-

sive path to knowledge exists, and in our advances to the republic of letters, every road is open to all. Nothing, in short, is denied to well directed labour, and nothing obtained without it.—This much abused term, genius—this idol of weakness and indolence, is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies out of the reach of the rules of art; but how entirely this idea falls to the ground, when we reflect on the variableness of the meaning of the term. Look at it in different stages of civilization and national improvement. He was thought a genius who could first describe the commonest events in any thing like metre; or could represent, however imperfectly, the likeness of a man or animal by painting. The standard of what constitutes a genius, is continually changing; what is thought a genius to day, may lose that character to-morrow, through the general progress of society and civilization. The genius most worthy of admiration, is nothing more than a greater degree of advancement before the age in knowledge,—a knowledge acquired by art and diligence, and not by inspiration. D.

### THE DRAMA, AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

IN accordance with custom, which said custom governs mankind in more instances than in the production of pantomimes, we now take a cursory glance over the *grotesques* of the week, not doubting that many a youthful eye will read with avidity our brief account, and many an old one, in fancy's light, will call back scenes, the reminiscences of which are both pleasant and dear. First of all, as in in duty bound by our custom, we must notice—

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Brown's *Barbarossa* preceded the usual scene of fun at this house. The dramas which are annually revived on the 26th of December, are remarkable for nothing more than heavy horrors and absurd display; but we must not enter into any critical remarks on these, but proceed forward in a lightsome manner, consonant with our present duty, to notice that celebrated personage, *The Man in the Moon*, which, very much to the delight of all ages, under old Drury's roof, made his appearance on the stage as near half-past nine o'clock as possible. Now this said *Man in the Moon*, be it known to all our readers, is well worth seeing, and needs not the aid of telescopic vision. The advantage which has attended Drury Lane Theatre, for this year or two past, in the getting up and construction of pantomimes, has not this time forsaken her; and our opinion is, that the present is one of the best pantomimes this house has ever produced. No expense has been spared to render this spectacle, in scenic illusion and ingenious machinery, as gorgeous as possible, and the efforts of the artists employed have been crowned with that success their exertions deserved. Stanfield, that prince of scene painters, revels in this piece in all the luxuriant beauty of his art. His Hudson's Bay, with a Dutch whaler embedded in ice, is inimitably true to nature, and received the



genuine applauses of the audience. In this inhospitable region, the plot, (if we can term it so,) commences, and Harlequin, Clowns, Pantaloon, and Columbine become, from the faded dignity of great lunar personages, adventurous mortals. Among the slaps at the follies of the day, is a scene, in which the whole female personæ of a boarding-school are abducted in the lump, as if so many Wakefields were congregated for that purpose, the scheme of journeying through a cylinder is put into practice, but the travellers, (and we presume this conclusion was meant as a tacit piece of satire,) have broken limbs for their pains and expedition. Vauxhall Gardens are represented, and in compliance, we presume, with the taste of the Surrey magistrates, the fireworks, those firebrands of dissension between Messrs. Gye and Co. and the worshipful bench of county worthies, were fearlessly exhibited,—but our time and space forbid our dwelling on these tempting subjects. *The Man in the Moon* is the very thing for fun and fancy; it has enough of both, and was perfectly to the taste of a numerous and respectable assemblage.

One of the dismal fraternity of dramatic horrors, under the most appalling cognomen of *The Murdered Guest*, was produced on Wednesday, at this theatre. Unfortunately for Old Drury, the legitimates of the Coburg and Surrey regions, when transplanted to a higher sphere, lose all horrible attraction, and fall, like their own heroes, without exciting a tittle of pity. This was the case with *The Murdered Guest*, and may be the same with succeeding scions of that genus. It is not worth our while to give any account of the plot, with the exception of stating, that it hinges on the old story of a servant combining with the landlord of an inn, (at which the victim had put up for refreshment,) to murder his master and share the contents of a heavy portmanteau, always a most attractive requisite in these matters. The denouement is easy to be guessed, and as conundrums, &c. are fashionable at this period of the year, we leave to our readers the exercise of their ingenuity. One word for the performers, and we have finished. Cooper had a good deal to do;—he had to murder—that was something, if we may judge from the agony of his victim, whose groans from behind the scenes reminded us of a pinned bull; he had to love—that sometimes is difficult; and he had to confess his crime, and that is usually a task to which poor mortals have naturally a dislike. Mrs. West looked pretty. Bedford gave his good tones more management than he is wont to do, and Thompson, as the murdered guest, submitted to his fate, as talentedly as if he were fatted for the purpose.—We think *The Murdered Guest* will not be killed many times more.

COVENT GARDEN.—Here too we had a tragedy, *Jane Shore*; how it was played and how enjoyed let others tell; we must content ourselves with recording that, on the night of 26th December, aforesaid, it preceded a new grand pantomime, entitled *Mother Shipton; or, Riquet with the Turf*. The opening of this momentous business had a very promising effect, which no doubt made us feel

after-disappointment more acutely. To say *Mother Shipton* was a failure, were to assert wrongly; but ah! the laurels of former years have revived not in this, and pantomime at Covent Garden, we may safely say, is on the decline. Grieve has several gorgeous scenes: the first landscape, by him, is really unique, and deserves more than honourable mention: the fog clearing off from the bridge, and discovering the cottage of the Yorkshire witch, has an effect which cannot be described; the kitchen of the Prince Riquet, redolent with Christmas fare, was in keeping with the season, and was relished much by the galleried gods. The usual transformations speedily ensued, and a due proportion of tricks and fancies were played off with tolerable success. There were many stale jokes and as many old changes, but the introduction of a few good ones relieved the bad, and sent the audience home, if not rapturously delighted, at least contented and pleased.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Christmas treat, at this little theatre, is *Double X., or the Islington stage*. The gist of the affair turns upon two advertisements bearing the same initials X. X. The mistakes arising from this source form the merriment of the comic extravaganza, as it is called. The piece was as successful as a good tempered, and not over-nice audience would permit; that is, they permitted every thing, and pleased at once the manager and themselves.

SURREY THEATRE.—George Barnwell, the ever enduring George Barnwell, opened the amusements at this house, and he loved, murdered, and sorrowed before some scores of apprentice boys and dress-maker's girls, in the same manner he used to do previously to his expulsion from the larger theatres; at length *The Island of Riches, or Harlequin and The Dwarf of the Copper Castle*, made its appearance, to the evident delight of those who, having sucked all their oranges, for want of more either grew sleepy or noisy. We cannot enter into the merits of this said production. Its title is sonorous and wonderful, its tricks are sufficient for the purposes required, and as its admirers were, at all events, determined to be pleased, they failed not to avail themselves of this good natured privilege and laughed, nay, roared and applauded, until many a hard palm was sore with its exercise.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—At this successful place of public entertainment, *The Man in the Moon at Home* added another gem to the pantomimic tiara, worked by the trick-wright of this establishment. The subject is somewhat similar to that of the pantomime at Drury, and a little cavilling has been made about the matter, rather to the disadvantage of the leviathan of the Lane; however, we doubt not each will repay the care and toil bestowed on them. The scenery at the Adelphi was extremely creditable to the house, the changes were executed with fidelity and despatch, and the whole went off with the most flattering testimonials of success.

COBURG THEATRE.—Here, for the amusement of the good people of Surrey and the suburbs, they produced *The Glass Slipper, or*

*Cinderella*, formerly a favourite at old Drury; and, at

THE OLYMPIC,—was brought forth *Æsop and his Fables*, which, though last mentioned, is not the least deserving of public favour.

In this brief and rapid notice, it will be remarked, that we have not individualized the several performers engaged in these revels; many of them are old established favourites, who, on the present occasion, maintained their former celebrity. The new importations were usually successful, and, although we could pick out one or two for correction, yet the season, and the lowliness of their ambition, entitle them to quarter, and we therefore permit them to pass uncensured.

#### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

M. Molbech, principal secretary to the Royal Library at Copenhagen, who lately reprinted an ancient Danish Chronicle, in verse, of the fifteenth century, is now engaged in rescuing from oblivion and the dust of the libraries, several other extremely curious manuscripts, well worthy the attention of the literary world. Among them is a translation, into the Danish tongue, of the historical books of the Old Testament, by an unknown author of the 15th century; and a work on medicine of the 13th century, written by Henry Harpestreng, who died in 1244. The author was canon of the Chapter of Roschild, and his work is the first book on medicine ever composed in the Danish language; it is in the press, and will be given to the public before the conclusion of the year, as well as the translation of the Testament above mentioned. It will furnish important supplies towards the knowledge of the Danish tongue, such as it existed in those remote periods. M. Molbech has, for some years past, been employed in the compilation of a Danish Dictionary. His work is so far advanced, that it is expected to be sent to press about the middle of the approaching year. The great erudition of M. Molbech is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of his Dictionary, which, without doubt, will throw entirely into the background that upon which a commission has been employed for the last half century, and which is still far from complete. Experience, too, has proved in the persons of Johnson and Bailey in England, of Adelung in Germany, and of some others, that a dictionary, compiled by one man, is often of much greater utility than the productions of societies and academies. M. Molbech, whose zeal in the cause of literature and science appears indefatigable, has also published the prospectus of a new periodical work, devoted particularly to history, literature, and the fine arts, a number of which will be published every three months, commencing with the first of January next.—*Rev. Ency., Nov. 1826.*

In a private memorandum, found among other obituary papers and relics of Mr. Jefferson, is a suggestion, in case a memorial over him should ever be thought of, that a granite obelisk, of small dimensions, should



be erected, with the following inscription:—  
'Here lies buried, Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statutes of Virginia, Advocate for religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.'

The Annual General Meeting of the Society of Schoolmasters was held on the 22nd inst., at the room of the Literary Fund Society, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Rev. Mr. Burney in the chair. The report of the last year was read and adopted. It stated the receipts of the society arising from voluntary donations and subscriptions, and the interest on £5,400 Three per Cents. Reduced, to be £445. 19s. 10d.; while the expenditure, exclusive of incidental expenses, amounted to £285, from which sum fifty-one applicants had been relieved. The balance in the treasurer's hands amounted to £63. 16s. 4d. It was announced that his Majesty had this year, in addition to his annual subscription of 50 guineas, presented the society with a donation of £105. This announcement was received with every mark of approbation. The patron, presidents, and acting committee for the ensuing year, were then nominated, and the meeting adjourned.

*The Daughter of the Poet Coleridge.*—Miss Coleridge is said to be likely to prove a star of very unusual brilliancy in the literary horizon. Among her acquirements are included some of a more learned character than are generally considered necessary for female education, and her taste for even severe literary application is said to be singularly strong. Our readers must not, however, from this description, suffer themselves to be impressed with an *unlovely* and *unfeminine* idea of this lady. Miss Coleridge is a beauty, her manners are fascinating, and her conversation perfectly untainted with pedantry; her figure is *petite*, and her countenance particularly expressive; were she less fair, it might be said to possess something of the Jewish character; in fine, Miss Coleridge is just the being for the heroine of *real* romance, and if she does not break many a heart,—'There is no faith in woman's tell-tale eye.'

*Ancient Mexican Manuscript.*—M. Beltrami, the author of a work on the sources of the Mississippi, has addressed a letter to the editors of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, announcing his discovery of an ancient Mexican manuscript, in the ruins of an old convent, in the interior of Mexico. It is a large folio volume containing the Gospel as dictated by the first monks, *conquistadores*, which was translated into the Mexican tongue, by Montezuma, the only member of his family who escaped the massacres of the conquest, and who became a *convert* to the Catholic faith. This rare and interesting manuscript, is in a very beautiful character, on *Magney* paper, equalling parchment in polish, and much more supple than the papyrus. M. Beltrami considers it a very fine specimen of the ancient Mexican language, by which

much information respecting the people who inhabit that vast country, may be rescued from the darkness in which their origin is at present involved.

*Human Calculation of Consequences.* In this world, the good or evil of whatsoever comes to pass, lieth in the sense by which the accident affects us.

A masquerade took place at the Argyle Rooms on Wednesday night—remarkable only as being dull, stale, and unprofitable.

#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

WE respectfully call the attention of our readers to a critical examination of our recent numbers, in which, we boldly state, can be found a greater diversity of talent than in any other similar publication; and we have also the pleasure of announcing, that fresh contributors, spirited correspondents, and zealous friends are aiding our exertions to increase the fame of *The Literary Chronicle*, and to maintain its proud character as an acknowledged standard of *critical integrity*. We have in hand, for our next volume, many excellent articles, to which we could not give immediate insertion, consistently with our plan of making each year's *Literary Chronicle* a complete work in itself—a plan so essential to the reputation of a periodical conducted on liberal principles, and to its claims for continuing an Annual Register of polite, current, and standard Literature.

The volume of *The Literary Chronicle*, for the year 1826, price in boards £1. 7s., will be ready next week.

We request our readers to perfect their sets as early as possible.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 22	32	37	45	30 24	Cloudy.
.... 23	45	46	45	.. 24	Do.
.... 24	44	45	44	.. 24	Do.
.... 25	43	46	41	30 30	Do.
.... 26	41	42	40	.. 43	Do.
.... 27	39	41	39	.. 50	Do.
.... 28	35	38	32	.. 54	Fair.

*Works just published.*—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 14th, 12 11s. 6d.—Letter to a Political Economist, 4s.—The Naval Gazetteer's Biographer and Chronologist, 14s.—Cosmorama, a View of the Customs of all Nations.—Williams's Summary Method of Teaching, 1s. 6d.—Astarte, a Sicilian Tale, by Mrs. Barry Cornwall Wilson, 8s.—The English Book of Fortune, 8s.—A View of the World, 5s. 6d.

On the 22nd of January will be published, in three vols. post 8vo.

**ELIZABETH DE BRUCE.** By the Author of *Clan-Albin*.

'O good your worship, tell it of all things; for I mightily delight in hearing of love stories.'—Sancho Panza.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

#### THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

published on the First of January, is embellished with a richly engraved three-quarter length Portrait of the late venerable JOHN NICHOLLS, Esq. F.S.A., who was the Editor of that Miscellany for nearly half a Century. His Memoir, from the celebrated pen of Alexander Chalmers, Esq., may be said to comprehend the Literary History of the last sixty years. This Number also contains, among other interesting articles, some important notices of Spain, Portugal, and Popery; Sketches of Portuguese Life, &c. &c.

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